

False, True

He was cowardly and knew it.  
All his measures and half-measures  
didn't help.

And when he did pipe up, he pronounced  
the rehearsed speech well, but no one  
listened.

Could no longer stand the frustration. Climbed  
the outside of his tormentor's apartment house,  
a Glock in his belt.

Warmish Fall evening.

Assassinated him through the shifting curtains.

Except. Wrong apartment.

But...wasted an even more obnoxious prick!

Karma and all of that.

And his tormentor softened--with Death his neighbor.

Cops barked up wrong trees, of course, rounding up  
surly suspects adhered once to the victim.

Left case open in the dead file.

Whatever. No reason to look at him.

Our Destiny shapes itself, rough-hew it as we may.